THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

VOL. I. MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, APRIL 7, 1831. No. 12.

Imagination, or the Ice Village.

Imagination assists the understanding as experiments do the student in philosophy. A student may acquire a thorough knowledge of the theory of matter, and of the laws of gravity, motion and attraction; but when he sees those principles demonstrated by actual experiment, his impressions are more vivid, and he knows as certainty, what he before received on the authority of his author.

In the same way, imagination, though it cannot furnish us with occular demonstration, exhibits the truths we learn in connection with such a variety of images, and imparts such an appearance of reality to the facts we derive from books, that their impression is rendered more deep and lasting. Let a man destitute of imagination be told that intemperance is an evil, and he believes it; perhaps knows it, from his having seen property squandered and time spent, which his judgment tells him should have been differently applied. But in connection with this truth, *imagination* presents an immortal mind, once fresh and vigorous, by the effect of ardent spirit on the body with which it is connected,—debased, its powers blunted, and finally leaving its worthless tenement, and rushing into eternity, as a man leaves his house which is like to be burned over his head. A man destitute of imagination can scarcely realize that life is short; and he is governed by motives so little dissimular to those of the dumb beasts, that he scarce deserves the compliment paid by Pope to the elephant, in the lines—

> "How instinct varies in the groveling swine,
> Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine."

But I cannot better illustrate the influence of imagination, than by describing its effects on my own mind, with relation to the truth so universally acknowledged and so little realized, to wit: that life is short, and not only short, but uncertain.

In the winter of 1829, after a day spent in meditating on the above subject, with more intense interest than usual, I was unexpectedly obliged to cross a Lake, over which the inclemency of the season had thrown a bridge of ice. I came to the shore in the evening; was told, on inquiry, the strength of the ice was such that I had nothing to fear, provided I kept clear of the places where teams had gone through the ice on the preceding day, which places were generally distinguished by pieces of board, suffered to freeze, where the ice had been marred. It was an evening in February. I had never before passed the Lake in this manner, and my mind, which is naturally inclined to borrow its tone of feeling from external circumstances, was not altogether indifferent to the dismal bellowing, occasioned by the confined air moving under the ice, which from the extreme cold soon closed any vent opened through it by the agitation of the water. I proceeded, however, guided by the slight track teams had left, which I was scarcely able to discover by the light of the moon which was gibbous, and over whose disk dark scuds of clouds edged with white, frequently passed as they drifted along the heavens, before the keen breath of the north-west. I had left the shore but a few rods, before, to my unpractised eye, it assumed one uniform aspect, except where the highlands intercepted my sight, as I gazed towards the horizon. I hurried along, till I discovered I had mistaken a seam in the ice, for the track I followed; the lights on either shore became confused in their situation, as those that twinkled in the firmament, and I passed on incited by the incessant cracking of the ice, and the sad moans of the air, impatient of its confinement; directed only by the recollection on which shore I wished to land.

The novelty of the scene induced a kind of reverie, in which at length I became completely wrapt. My situation naturally brought to mind the accounts of ice buildings in the north of Russia, with which my childish days had been amused; and coming to a ridge of broken pieces of ice, raised by the friction of large moving quantities, to the height of six or seven feet, —weary with fast walking, my mind was quite overpowered with a sense of the danger of falling through some aperture caused by the moving of the ice, and covered by the broken pieces. While I hesitated a moment, the moon looked through an opening in the clouds, and her rays reflected from the fragments of ice before me, gave the pile a luminous appearance, and my imagination already wrought up to the highest pitch, easily supplied the deficiencies and presented to me an ice village, genteelly illuminated, into which I immediately entered. Although my imagination operated powerfully upon my senses, it had not entirely disenthroned my judgment, which made the scene before me

appear a little unnatural. But imagination removed every doubt by assuring me these people were the fairy inhabitants of some of the high mountains that towered along the western side of the Lake; where, in the valleys between their lofty summits, nature retains her primeval simplicity, and the gentle deer dread no hunter except their natural enemy the wolf. I was assured that they had removed to the situation in which I found them, for the purpose of taking fish through the ice; which custom I found had obtained among them from time immemorial, and was oft attended with the loss of whole villages. It is not to my present purpose to give a detail of the wonders of the place, but hope I shall be forgiven the digression, if I notice some of their customs, especially those which differed essentially from our own. As I passed along the principal street, admiring the sheen of the transparent walls of the houses, I came to one which seemed one of the public buildings, and on entering, found it contained the chief council of the village, assembled to consult the interests of their constituents and to enact laws accordingly. There seemed, as I entered the house, to be some confusion among members of the council, the cause of which I learned was the discovery of a cask probably left on the ice by some passing team, the contents of which appeared from its label to be N. E. Rum. The finder having partook of the exhiliarating fluid rather too freely, had reduced himself to a condition described by the familiar sea-phrase—"three sheets in the wind and a fourth fluttering." The wise men, after mature delibration, sentenced the culprit to remain without the village two whole days, and delegated three of their number to sink the cask in the Lake, without their fishing ground.

The next business which occupied the house was the consideration of a resolution introduced by one of the members, making it lawful to compel females to testify in courts of justice. I saw with pleasure, that this resolution was rejected, the committee reporting that females whose delicacy would not be offended by being thrust into a court room, with clerks and constables, lawyers and liars, justices and jugglers, &c., ought not to be allowed their oath; and that with regard to the rest of the sex, for their part, they should choose to gratify their sensibility, than the litigious disposition of the whole of the other sex. Some time was occupied in these and the like salutary regulations; when I was surprised that a resolution passed without opposition, fixing the place of assembly in that place for three years; which I readily guessed were equivalent to three of our months, as they were a people of the night, and measured their time by the revolutions of the moon. But even that extended far beyond the time when, bewildered as I was, I knew that boats would pass where the village now stood. This last act so brought the wisdom of the Senators into disrepute with me, that all my predilections in their favor vanished, and I left the house and passed along the street when my astonishment was constantly increased by witnessing the exertions of the imaginary villagers, who with untiring assiduity were erecting and improving dwellings with as great care and precision as if they were capable of defying the corrosions of time, or the more potent influence of the god of day. Dreaming did not, however, retard walking; and my admiration of the morals, and surprise at the infatuation of the imaginaries, with the whole vision of crude phantasms, as soon as I touched the shore, fled from my mental vision—producing a sensation not unlike that felt by the eye on emerging from a dense fog, in the ascent of a hill into clear atmosphere. The vision fled, but left a pleasing picture on my fancy, and on my judgment a deep conviction of the powers of the imagination.

Even to this day, when I see an individual whose hopes, fears, calculations and desires all terminate on objects frozen by time—I think of the ice village: I tremble lest Eternity's sun sweep away the brittle shelter in which he has so industriously secured himself, and he sink suddenly in that Lake

> Of shoreless, waveless, bottomless despair,
> Whose mimic calm still woos the putrid air,
> That bends reluctant as the birds of night,
> In dizzy circles wheel their sluggish flight:
> Dark birds of omen, guilt and pale remorse,
> That prey on souls as vultures on the corse,
> Which floats on some dead waters where no wave
> Moans its sad dirge, or finds for it a grave. G.

Eternity.

It has often been with me a matter of surprise why it is that the continual dropping away of one friend after another around us, and the consciousness that we ourselves must soon, ah, too soon, become, like them, a banquet for worms, has so little influence upon our conduct, and becomes in our view a matter of so little importance. As the deep-toned knell of the departed sounds upon our ears, a mournful thought flashes across the mind, though it is quickly suppressed like the reproaches of conscience by the reckless follower of vice, and the enquiry is scarcely made, who now has become a tenant of the tomb?

But as the funeral procession moves slowly and sadly along our streets, however sedulously we may at other times banish such thoughts

from our breasts, then, for a brief space, at least, as we behold the death-like march—the hearse—the pall, and hear the stifled sighs of the bereaved mourners, which ever and anon are drowned by the distant peals of the tolling bell,—at such an hour even the engrossing affairs of this world will not prevent our being borne onward upon the wings of the imagination to that period when our spirits shall be wafted thither where his dwelling is, whose lifeless corse is now followed to the cold and silent grave. Then it is that the soul involuntarily reflects upon its immortal destiny;—upon that eternity in which it is to become purer and brighter till crowned with perfection;—upon that unchangeable existence to continue when all the objects which now surround us—the moon, and the myriads of glittering stars with which the canopy of night is illumined, shall have passed away. Such, however, are the meditations of a moment, which soon give way to the trivial affairs of time and sense.

But there are seasons when the thoughts of death and futurity are received and welcomed by the soul. We may read of hundreds meeting an early fate by the destructive earthquake, or of many swept from time on to the shores of eternity by the resistless force of a mighty flood, and yet remain unaffected, thinking from the violence of their deaths that their lot is never to be ours. The novelty itself of such calamities takes away the gloom and solemnity which the departure of the soul from its earthly tenement is calculated to impart to the mind of the spectator. But it is when we behold a companion, endeared to us by all the ties of friendship, subjected to the relentless power of disease, and in the midst of youthful bloom and hilarity brought upon the bed of sickness, that we are fully sensible of the terrors of death, and of the omnipotence of that being in whose hands our destinies are. We gaze with speechless grief upon that countenance whose sparkling liveliness has been so suddenly changed to an ashy paleness, and mark with bitter sorrow the changes of his features, while writhing beneath the unseen power, and struggling like a strong man for the victory. With what eagerness, when the disease at intervals abates its power, do we seize each sentiment that falls in tender accents upon our senses. With what thrilling interest do we catch each allusion to past events, each kind regret at the loss of anticipated pleasures; and when the hour of dissolution approaches, and the last pressure of the hand is given—the last farewell uttered—oh! what pen can describe, what pencil trace the feelings of that moment. The world is then viewed in its true colors—a passing pageantry, a fleeting show, and our whole thoughts are centered upon the mysteriousness and obscurity by which eternity with all its pleasing realities is veiled from mortal eyes. Then do we look forward with a brighter hope to the time when that mysteriousness shall be cleared away, and that obscurity shall be lighted up by the pure blaze of heavenly glory; and when amid the dread catastrophe of a perishing universe, this corruptible shall put on incorruption, this mortal, immortality.

AMICUS.

The Exit.

Loud and shrill the tempest roared,
Dismal was the night;
Through the watery sheet that poured,
Beamed no ray of light.
Far around the forest spread,
Pathless, gloomy, bare,
As the mansion of the dead,
All was lonely there.

Through the roof the dripping rain
Ready access found,
To the scathed abode of pain,
Where upon the ground,
Lay the mattrass, which sustained
One grown old in grief,
But by weeping babes detained
From death's kind relief.

He had borne the toil of life,
Felt the weight of care;
Nights with sleepless anguish rife,
Long had been his share.
From life's earliest, sunny morn,
He was doomed to know
Cold neglect and bitter scorn,
Drink the cup of woe.

Penury a constant guest,
Spread his life with gloom,
While he viewed the place of rest
In the murky tomb,
Hope assuaged his bursting grief,
Pointing to the sky,
Showing him in sweet relief,
Brighter worlds on high.

Slowly o'er his languid frame,
Crept the chill of death,
Brightly glowed life's dying flame,
Fed by shortening breath.
Fondly lingering round him, stood
All on earth he loved,
Speechless, yet the tearful flood
Their affection proved.

Pierced was he by many a thought,
Language fails to paint;
Words, with wisest counsel fraught,
Void of all complaint,
Fell, while o'er his fading eye,
Gathering darkness hung,

Gently fled life's latest sigh,
Ceased his faultering tongue!

Brightly yellow, bluely white,
O'er the blackened sky,
Clothing all in burning light,
Dimning lightnings fly.
While the heavens all on fire,
Changed to day the night,
Mounting with a heavenly choir,
Winged his soul its flight. OUTIS.

(Mathews)

Sketches on the Ocean.

[CONCLUDED.]

"To your posts! my hearties, and let no soul of you venture to scorch a grain of powder till I give the signal, as you love his crown pieces and a clever craft to tread upon, instead of dancing in the air under the yard-arm, like a scarecrow.—To your posts!" Forty or fifty athletic men obeyed the command, distributing themselves, by companies, among twelve cannon, impatiently waiting the promised signal from Byrnes, whose skill they implicitly trusted. No signs of fear were observable among them as to the result, but a strong determination to sell their lives as dearly as possible shone through their sun-burnt features. Their commander stood upon the quarter-deck of his craft surveying the order and arrangement of all connected with it. In one hand he held a glass, with which he occasionally observed the movements of his adversary—in his girdle, hooked around his manly proportioned body, were placed large and handsomely mounted pistols—a short, stiff-collared jack-coat constituted his upper garment. His hair was rudely dishevelled by the strong wind, his light cap being holden in his right hand. He looked around him with something like a spirit of hope upon the crew of sturdy seamen, whom he had so often successfully brought through scenes of as great and perhaps greater peril, and whose activity and obedient courage had never deceived him.

Ten paces from him stood the second in authority steadying himself under the rolling of the vessel by a rope, and apparently engaged in the same train of thought as his superior. The plump figure of Thompson was stationed near his favorite piece, squinting along the barrel, and ready at a moment's notice to send a goodly message into the lap of the enemy.

A few moments of silence on the part of the Racer passed, while the ship unceasingly sent her iron with various degrees of success.—"Fine sport presently—the craft's worth having—she rides handsomely, and as fleet before the wind as—ay! look out my men—off with her—hand down—!" A deafening roar from a general discharge from the ship interrupted Byrnes. A sheet of flame passed from her deck—the cloud of dense smoke was soon dissipated in the air which enveloped her. "Stand fast my hearties—only a small blow—luff a little—meet her—stand by all hands—now let her have it!" The distant murmur of the ship's discharge had not yet left the air before the contents of eight guns from the Racer sent a message of no peaceful import to the other. "Halloa! What's the matter—the fellow's giving up the chace. That peal is—" "Thunder," interrupted Jackson, with his eye fixed upon the quarter where the sharp lightning played with terrific grandeur under a cloud of pitchy blackness; "and he knows his oak wont pass a storm under such a press of sail."—"Stand by the halyards!" shouted Byrnes through the trumpet—"off with her—hand down," he repeated, to the helmsman, stamping his foot with violence on the deck, "hand down, you lubber, or you'll lose every sail on the ship. Another man at the helm, the fellow's lost an arm;—ready at the halyards? let go.—Up half a dozen of you, furl the topgallant-sail—let the royal fly. I wouldn't trust a soul of ye up there for the treasure of a duke." While every mind had been actively engaged in the encounter, and only careful for an escape from their superior enemy, the wind had crept upon them unawares, and now blew with a tremendous violence.—"Halloa there, on the yard-arm, what you standing about. Foul play for an honest dealer. Off there you lubber, down the back-stay, or you'll be overboard, and a poor chance you'll stand for a dry birth this night." For a season was seen the clever sized body of Thompson swinging at a fearful elevation between the sea and clouds, and soon with a quickness, somewhat increased by the love of life, gliding down the back-stay of the foremast. "No pleasant voyage that, Mr. Jackson, in a squall, seeing a fellow's got no ballast," said the ærial traveller, when he had reached the deck in safety, casting an eye to the elevation from which he had descended with such rapidity. "Better than weathering a storm with such an outfit's that," returned Jackson, pointing to the top of the mast falling through the air, dragging a quantity of rope and other matter attached to it. "There's no safe harbor this side of Davy Jones' locker for such a craft." Thompson quietly seated himself on the breech of his own piece, and rolling a huge quid of tobacco from his mouth, seemed no ways disposed to quarrel with his fortune. Byrnes was soon prepared for the squall, but his brig had undergone a great change since the morning. Her white field of canvass had entirely disappeared, with the ex-

ception of the fore-sail and top-sail which were now confined under a double reef. Ropes and rigging of every description, strewed in disorder along her deck, took the place of her neat and handsome appearance in which we found her, while stains of blood proved that the last discharge was not without a degree of success. Night closed around them, while the darkness was only discoverable during those short seasons when the lightnings, that enveloped the heavens in almost one continued sheet of fire, suffered it to be visible. The raging of the waves was somewhat stilled by the rain which fell in torrents—yet our finely wrought fabric safely bore up under all; and after three hours careful watching had passed—when the moon broke from the scattering clouds and surveyed the scene—tho' she saw the element on which the Racer rode in a violent commotion, yet but a single watch trod a deck of perfect quiet and order. The guns which had spoken so effectually the day previous, carefully muzzled and reposing in their respective places, and none other than Thompson in the gangway, rolling out clouds of smoke from the leaf of the Virginia weed. Before the sun had reached the meridian on the following day, could have been observed a neatly rigged Hermaphrodite moored behind the tall projection of a ledge of rocks, from whose summit grew high and luxuriant trees, and forming a safe and concealed cove, with a little projection on the opposite side.—The top of her foremast had apparently been ill used; but all else appearing to the mind, through the eye, just such as we could wish it, finely proportioned and in every way challenging the eye of a critic. A single being lazily leaning over the side, whistling a lively air, while he regarded a group of objects on the distant shore—idly reposing on the grassy bank, and "spinning out long yarns" to amuse one another, while three or four yawls floated on the calm water, confined by a line to the shore.—Near to the bank lay grounded the naked hulk of a small vessel, on whose deck, attached to a staff, floated a white flag, on which, written in red characters, was the well known proverb—"A faint heart never won a fair lady."

Dr. Thomas Cooper, President of a College in South Carolina, a man considerably notorious for his attempts to excite disunion and rebellion in the south,—has recently published an infidel book, which is characterised as the most impudent tissue of blasphemies that has been uttered since Thomas Paine's time. Having failed in his attempts to "nullify" the government of the republic, President Cooper has appropriately turned his attention to "nullifying" the government of the Almighty. Traitors and Atheists are kindred spirits.

Remembrance of *****.

"To feel
"We are not what we have been, and to seem
"We are not what we should be,—and to steel
"The heart against itself; and to conceal,
"With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—
"Passion or feeling, purpose, grief or zeal,—
"Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,
"Is a stern task of soul:—No matter, it is past."

CHILDE HAROLD, III. 3.

Oh! this thought—this deep, dark, dreadful thought!
Away! thou wild, mysterious vision
Of the mind! Away! nor longer haunt me!
Long hast thou been in all my waking dreams,
And they have been to me as "scorching sun-drops."
And in the fearful imaginings of night,
Stealing upon the silentness of that
Lone, solemn hour, like wasting mildew, thou
Hast come to curse me. And I have tried to
Shun thee: I've been a wanderer in the earth—
A weary, wasted wanderer;—and thou
In all my pilgrimage hast wandered with me,—
Sole companion. And I have mingled oft
In the full crowd, and have been borne along,
Mid the confused and hurried din of
Business or of riot. And oft I've joined
The lightsome revellers, where the bowl went round,
And the loud laugh was hushed to coming music,
And bright eyes thronged, and beauty looked on its
Own blushing loveliness. And there the dance
Moved joyously,—and there the song was loudest,
And the soft, sweet voice of music, on the ear
Fell most bewitchingly; and I was there,
A reveller. And all I saw, or heard, or felt,
Was the dark image of thyself. The smile
That played around the coral lips of beauty,
And the warm blush that mantled on her cheek,
When, in the play, the soft lip lingered on
Her brow, so eloquently beautiful—
The meaning, half unconscious, glance from 'neath
Her dark brown lashes, and the voice, the sweet,
Soul-stirring music of her voice, to me
Were nothing. I could gaze so carelessly
On her, and so unheedingly could mark
Her movement in the dance—or I could hear
Unmoved, the music of her voice or even
On that brow, so ravishingly fair, could
Hide the kiss beneath the shining locks, and
Yet, my heart beat quietly: for even
Then and there that dark thought lingered in
The darker mind. It lingers there forever!
Forever haunts me! And, as with a spell,
The earth and heavens, and all that's fair, and
Beautiful, and lovely, are shadowed by
Thy presence; and the bright sun himself hangs
Out in heaven a darker, gloomier
Light, as if on earth were things, that should be
Veil'd in darkness. And when I've watched alone,
Beside my curtained bed, till my dimm'd lamp
Burn'd dimlier, and on the walls its fitful
Shadows cast, a cold sweat on my brow has
Gathered; while within, a scorching fever
Burned my brain; and then, I have
Rushed forth into the night, and the damp wind
Seemed damper, and more chilling, and the stars
Were red and fiery, and the moon, the pale,
Pitying moon, look'd frowning down and pass'd
On hurriedly; and I knew 't was for my
Curse, that all was dark and cursed around.—
Oh! I am tir'd, and weary of my life,
And I would fain be gone to rest!——There is
A quiet in the grave, and I would now
Be there: for earth has not a resting place.
Oh, could I 'scape this dark, consuming, burning
Thought, this pent-up flame, this withering, wasting,

Curs'd remembrance, I would go where sweet perfume
Was never borne upon the "viewless winds,"
Or where the frail reed on the ocean's breast
Ne'er floated. I would make the world my home,
Nor care what unknown, sunless realm were mine,
If so, I might escape remembrance.
Some sea-girt rock, round which the eternal wave
Might beat forever, and the loud breathing
Winds harp their eternal strains, the "bass of
Nature's anthem,"—or some lone, desert, trackless,
Boundless wild,—or snow-clad, Greenland hills,—or
Floating ice-berg in some northern sea,—
Or cave, or mountain-top, or tangled glen,—
To me would all be fair, be joyous, if
The past were dead, and thoughts of other days
Were lost or buried in forgetfulness.
Vain, idle musings! Forget the past? as well
Forget the burning fever on the brain!
Or the mad writhings of the torture! The
Past is ever present, and will ever be!
The present, I heed not,—'tis nought to me.
The all-absorbing past is mine; and days,
And weeks, and months, and years between,
Throw not a shade or veil across the mind,
To dim its prospect. But like the burning sun
Upon the broken stalk, or like the siroc's
Breath upon the faint and weary trav'ler,
Or like the simoon on the desert air,
That one lone, dreary, madd'ning thought comes o'er
The soul, and withers all its joys!
But I shall die! and for thee, thou fiend, thou
Foul, unearthly spirit; for thee, the grave
No entrance hath. I shall 'scape thee there, nor
Wilt thou come again. When I shall sleep that
Long, last sleep, in that still hiding place, the grave,
Where all the unquiet of the heart is lost
In sweet forgetfulness. Then thou wilt be
Forgot! And is nothing there but death? no
Remembrance? Beyond the shadowy entrance
Of that land, that dark, mysterious, unknown,
Rayless realm, from whence there's none return to
Tell the secrets of the grave, is nought but
Rottenness and death? No knowledge of the past?
And no returning thought of long forgotten
Joys? Nor images of things once pleasant?
The loves of early years, when first the young
Heart knew its weakness, and the omnipotence
Of beauty,—the wild visions boyhood knew,—
Or deep imaginings of riper years,
Do thoughts of these ne'er enter there, obtruding
On the grave's deep loneliness? or the deep,
Darker shades of sorrow and remorse? or
Even this last, lone burning thought,
Which as my own dim shade, has never left me,—
And will linger longest on the visions
Of departing life? Ah, *they will* be there!
The slumbers of the dead, may only be
The body's slumbering; while the mind,
The undying mind, can never slumber,
Never rest or cease its dreaming on. And
I must live forever—must live, when I
Am dead—and live forever curst,—Live, sole
Companion—nay, the slave of this relentless,
Persecuting torturer.—Live, but carry
In my breast this living Hell—O, God!
My brain is mad.—Power Supreme! spare thy crea-
But if it must be so, then let me die [ture!
The spirit's death—and be my grave a dreamless
Bed—and the chill darkness reigning there, a
Mornless night.—But no! my curse is still
To be immortal!

AUBREY.

Dr. Webster's American Dictionary is rapidly finding favor with the most distinguished scholars and civilians. A notice of decided commendation has been signed by about one hundred Senators and Representatives in Congress, in which it is said that one standard Dictionary should be used by the many millions who are to inhabit the vast territory of this republic, as such a standard will prevent the formation of dialects in states remote from each other, and impress upon the language uniformity and stability.

The Teutonic Knights.

There is no portion of history so calculated to inspire the mind of the reader with a certain reverential awe, as that relating to the crusades. When we take into consideration the ostensible design of these expeditions,—to drive from the sacred soil of Palestine, the polluted heathen and barbarian, preparatory to the immediate coming of the Redeemer of the world,—there is a grandeur and moral sublimity in the contemplation of them, that surpasses all description. In comparison with these, the warlike marches of an Alexander, Xerxes, and a Buonaparte, followed by their hundreds of thousands of unwilling soldiers, dwindle into insignificance. Persons of every rank, from the king and the bishop, to the vassal of a feudal lord, were seen actuated by one common holy principle, rising up and going to visit the birth-place of the Savior. From the rich-clad knight, as well as from the melancholy monk, were heard the solemn words, "the kingdom of Sion is at hand." Million after million, proclaiming the joyful intelligence, poured forth from the wealthy regions of Europe. But this bauble passed away, and all that can be said of its gloomy magnificence, is, that it once was. The influence, however, of the crusades upon mankind, must ever occupy the attention of the philosopher and statesman, as their glittering splendor will ever be the subject of contemplation to the child of fancy and of romance. When the star of summer invites to the cool shades of evening, often will the romantic reader of history remarshal in imagination, the illustrious knights who nobly contended against the infidels, for the eternal King of Kings, and will dwell with enthusiasm upon their immortal deeds of glory on the blood-dyed fields of Palestine.

But if the renowned exploits of these "christian warriors" excite our admiration, the sufferings of many of them after their return from their eastern achievements must call into exercise our deepest compassion. Still retaining the customary forms and oaths by which they were united in bonds of brotherhood, their extended influence and wealth aroused the jealousies of the governments in whose empires they had established themselves after the crusades. In France, Spain and in many other countries of Europe, these orders were entirely

suppressed, and their members destroyed in the most cruel manner, or were doomed to drag out a miserable existence, more terrible than death itself, within the damp recesses of a dungeon. Months and even years passed on, and still beheld many a brave knight whose lofty deeds were the praise and admiration of christendom, reduced from opulence to want, from the elegancies of life to scenes of abject poverty—in fine, a tenant of the most loathsome abode of misery and affliction. Misfortune is to all an oppressive burden; but doubly so to him who has long basked in the favor of the fickle goddess, who bestows her kindnesses so unequally upon mankind. The calamities that befel the Knights of Europe, came not upon men long inured to the hardships of life, and as it were, hardened against the shafts of adversity; but, like the desolating tornado upon the plant of the valley, they came, overwhelming those who were nursed in the lap of luxury, and reared in the midst of affluence and splendor. But tho' often destroyed by the blighting storm they seldom yielded to its force. No suffering, however severe, no torture, however excruciating, could induce them to renounce their order, or reveal the secrets it enjoined. In their gloomy cells, surrounded by grinding poverty, shivering cold, haggard diseases, hollow-eyed famine,—in fine, by all that could make life miserable and death desirable, they dwelt with calm delight upon the beauties of their institution, or spoke with enthusiasm upon the heroic actions of their distinguished members; and when the most cruel torments imaginable were applied—when stretched upon the rack, suffering every refinement of barbarity that human invention could devise for increasing misery—when melted lead was poured into the incisions in their arms and legs—when every finger was torn from their hands with red-hot pincers, enduring with fortitude all these cruelties, they continued to attest the innocence of the knights from the pitiable charges urged against them by their enemies, who needed some pretence to justify their nefarious designs. In some countries, however, so rigorous measures were not at first adopted, but the knights were deprived of some of their former privileges, or even placed under some civil disabilities.

Such was the punishment inflicted upon the *Teutonic knights*, who near the close of the crusades, established themselves in the country now called Prussia, which at that time paid allegiance to Casimir, king of Poland. This order devoted themselves to the humane employment of relieving the distressed, and were obliged by their vows to use their endeavors to protect and extend Christianity. They long bore, not without murmuring, the unjust restrictions placed upon them by government. The following storyf illustrative of the history of those renowned cavaliers, which is recorded entire in the Chronicles of Hambgalla, I have translated from the Arabic manuscript for the benefit of your readers.

"How long, Sir Knight," said Andolso to the chief of the Teutonics, "oh, how long shall our brave brothers, whom by the oath of our order, we have sworn to rescue from every peril, suffer the base injustice to which they are hourly exposed! Shall the knights who in eastern climes never cowered before mortal foe, but amid thickest dangers sustained the glory of their cause, and the profession of honorable cavaliers,—shall they become the vanquished slaves of those haughty and dissolute noblemen? Look forth, Don Juan, upon the rich plains extended in beauty beneath us, and there read the certain destruction that awaits the Teutonics. Once those fertile fields were the property of our order, as the just reward of valor; now they are distributed among the ignoble and the cowardly, to increase the influence of those whose very weakness was once their only protection. What sufferings have we not experienced? what insults have we not borne from these insolent lords? Does purer blood circulate in their veins, than in ours? Heaven forfend. Do we yield to them in military achievements, and in deeds of noble daring? Let the story of Oriental warfare answer."

"Cease, oh, cease!—no more,"—said Don Juan, with a subdued and tremulous voice. "Long have I brooded in bitterness of soul o'er the disgrace and wrongs we have endured, but"—He hesitated, and casting his eyes to the ground, he stops.

"*But!*" said Andolso, turning and walking a distance from him, who still remained in a musing posture. "Ah, in that fearful word "*but*," in that look,"—said he, talking aloud to himself, "do I read the truth of our suspicions. Is then, the noble, the beloved Don Juan a traitor, an apostate? I will again speak to him."—Having approached, as if not observing his embarrassment, he thus addressed him. "*But* action is necessary at such a crisis. Arouse then, your followers, noble chieftain, from the fatal lethargy into which they have fallen. Call upon them by the glory they have acquired, by the dishonor that overwhelms them, by the destruction that threatens them, by all that is dear to man, by all that is sacred in knighthood, to prove themselves worthy of their kingly sires. Let the watch-fires of liberty blaze from every eminence, to guide the generous defenders of the cross to honor and renown. [*To be con.*]

A Mountain Scene.

"Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles,
And ev'ry sense, and ev'ry heart is joy."

It was on a beautiful summer's day, when feeling an inclination to gratify my curiosity by an excursion over the fields, that I wandered about promiscuously, till I approached the foot of a mountain. There I stood in silent admiration of its stupendous height, alternately raising my eyes to its loftiest peaks, and casting them upon the adjacent valley. For a moment I paused in adoration of that Being, who had so magnificently blended the beautiful with the sublime. Curiosity prompted me to ascend. As I climbed from cliff to cliff, I was delighted with the rich varieties of nature which the scene afforded. When I reached the summit, I beheld with admiration the beautiful landscape below. The humble vallies smiling in modest green, and overlooked by the proud summits of the mountains, produced sensations no less agreeable than grand and sublime! As I proceeded along, giving way to my idle curiosity, I found myself introduced into a grove, which for its beauty and retirement might have vied with ancient Eden. The ground overspread with moss and evergreens, with here and there a wild flower, smiling in its own simplicity. Above, the branches of the trees were interwoven with the tender vines which twined around them, so as to form an impenetrable arbor. "Into this exiled region scarce a ray of the sun was permitted to enter." Here, thought I, could I taste the sweets of retirement. The music of the birds mingled with the noise of the babbling streams, contributed to increase the delight. It seemed no less than an "earthly Paradise." I could not but admire the works of the "great Architect of nature," which seemed to mock the feeble attempts of man. Such a scene would call forth the liveliest imagination of the poet, and the most brilliant genius of the painter.

Not far distant from this place, on the banks of a small river that tumbled down the mountain's side, were to be seen columns of rocks, rising perpendicularly to an astonishing height. Some seemed about to tumble from their foundations; others lifting their towering heads toward Heaven, as if emulous to excel each other by their height. As I stood here, I gazed with feelings of admiration and pleasure, mingled with those of terror and sublimity, upon this magnificent scenery—the museum of the Almighty. As I gazed upon this beautiful scene, it seemed like a dream of fancy. The air was interrupted by no sound save the murmurs of the stream. Again I looked, and saw a murky cloud slow rising from the west, spread itself over the blue expanse of heaven, till sullen darkness reigned! Then to the vivid lightning's fearful flash, succeeded the thunder's more fearful peal! Long and loud the peals of thunder rolled! The frequent lightning flashed as if contending with the spirits of darkness! The elements contended—the rain to extinguish the lightning's fiery glare—and that, in turn, to drive away the gloomy darkness. Earth sustained the shock, and nature stood affrighted! In fine, the tumult ceased—the conflict ended. The clouds retired, and with them the fearful gloom!

The last rays of the setting sun shone with increasing beauty, and shed a brilliant lustre upon this scene of animated nature.

L.

Items of News.

The great question of the independence of the Cherokee Indians, has been recently decided by the U. S. Supreme Court. The opinion is, that the Cherokees are not sovereign powers, in the sense contemplated by the constitution; but "domestic dependent nations," standing to the General Government rather in the relation of a ward to his guardian. It is by no means determined that the Indians are subject to *State* authorities, nor that they have not a perfect right to the territory they have long occupied. It was pretty clearly intimated by Judge Marshall, that the Indian rights have been violated; and we believe it is well known to be the opinion of this Court, that the conduct of Georgia has been altogether unjust.

—

A revival of religion of wonderful interest and power is prevailing in New-Haven, Con. One hundred and twenty-five students and three of the Tutors in Yale College, are already among the converts!

—

The Duke de Nemours (son of the King of France) has been elected King of Belgium.

—

The City Bank of New-York was opened by false keys lately, and about $210,000 stolen—one of the greatest bank robberies that has ever been made in this country. The thief (an Englishman) has been arrested, and about 160,000 dollars recovered.

—

Our correspondents who prepare Tales, are requested to forward all their numbers before the insertion of the first.

EDS.

THE UNDERGRADUATE will be published the second and fourth Thursdays of each month—For $1.00 per annum, payable in all cases in advance.—MINER'S PRINT.